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Wm Bronscombe 305

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A Question of Privilege.

'Will I join the Woman's Home Missionary Society? Well, what does that mean? Just paying two cents a week and offering a prayer? Do you expect me to attend the meetings? and to take part in them? Must I help get up fairs and festivals for "the cause"? Shall I be constantly appealed to for extra money for this or that? I want to know exactly what is expected of me.'

So said Mrs. A., more frankly, perhaps, than others, but voicing the unspoken thought of more than one woman who has been asked to join the W. H. M. S. Fortunately for Mrs. A., and for the society, the reply came from one who understood not only the mind of the questioner but knew the work, and loved it.

'One at a time,' said the unofficial organizer, for this was a quiet conversation in a corner of the home church. 'Two cents a week—that is the very slightest return that you can make for the privilege of having a hand in the great work that God is doing through this society. So far as the letter of the law goes, you pay no more to be in "good and regular standing." No one in the society is likely to ask if you pray for it; no bureau secretary sends a blank for the report of the number of prayers offered for the work of the society by its members. But as a Christian woman you can hardly omit the prayer.

'The meetings? Well, what do you think of the director of a business institution who habitually absents himself from the meetings of its board? What of a school committee man who never attends the sessions of the board of education? Would you feel altogether easy and comfortable in your mind to be giving to a cause, and praying for a cause of which you knew little or nothing? If it's "the King's business," ought it not to have a proportionate share of your time and interest?

'If you really pray for the work, if you attend the meetings faithfully, the rest of your questions will answer themselves. You will find yourself saying, "What is the measure of my responsibility for these sisters of mine who have never known of Jesus, for the girls who lack the chance that I had, the chance that I am so glad and thankful I can give to my daughters?" You will look at their pictured faces and thank God that it is in your power to help uplift the nation through them. You will feel as if your hand were on the lever that sets in motion mightiest forces, world forces, and you will sit in awe and trembling lest you fail to push with all the strength that God has given you.

'Take part in the meetings? You cannot keep still. Your soul will be on fire. But fairs and festivals—how glad I am that in this auxiliary, at least, we do not get the Lord's money that way. Not so have we read his word:—"Freely ye have received, freely give." We have learned to tithe the money that he sent us, and found that it multiplies, even the part that is left, through such division. We have learned a little—a very little—of the meaning of sacrifice. And we are learning the joy of giving, the real blessedness of such service.

'Will there be frequent appeals? There certainly will be, for the Master's work does not stand still. Will they be more than we can meet? Yes—and we must use our wisest, most consecrated judgment concerning them. But they will never be more than we shall long to meet. And, knowing this, you will gladly seek, as we do, to interest other women in the work.'

Did Mrs. A. join the auxiliary? Being a really Christian woman, how could she do otherwise?—'The Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Tunnels.

(M. B., in 'Friendly Greetings.')

'Just in time!' exclaimed a young woman, as she entered the country railway station, holding her little daughter by the hand, and saw the train moving slowly in.

'Very nearly late, ma'am,' said the station-master; 'you run it rather close.'

It was very pleasant steaming along so merrily in the fresh morning air, and watching the trees and fields from the open window as the train skimmed by. Sometimes the motion seemed to the child almost too swift; she could have fancied the train was running away. But one look into her mother's calm, placid face

THE TRAIN RUSHED INTO A TUNNEL.

reassured her; and she knew and felt that all was right. Suddenly she was startled by a loud whistle, and the train, which was going at what seemed to her terrific speed, rushed into a tunnel.

The darkness, and the increased noise and vibration filled her with something like terror. She could not speak in the midst of that roaring sound; so she just slipped her little hand into her mother's, and waited in breathless silence.

In a few seconds (but, as it seemed to the little girl, many minutes) they were out in the light again, and she gave a sigh of relief.

'What was that, mother?' she asked.

'Oh! it was only a tunnel, dear. I forgot to tell you about it beforehand. You were not frightened, were you?'

'Yes, a little,' replied the child, 'before I found your hand.'

'I am sorry. Well, don't be afraid another time. We shall have to go through one more before we get up to town; but it is quite safe, as safe as when we are in the open; and it only lasts such a little while, almost as soon as it gets dark, you can begin to see daylight again.'

But the journey was rather spoiled for the little traveller. The dread of being once more enveloped in darkness prevented her enjoying to the full the lovely country scenes which lay between, even though she crept closely up to her mother's side.

Meanwhile the elder traveller was taking to heart the meaning of her own words.

It was a time of trial and sorrow with her, and the darkness which surrounded her seemed very much like the blackness of the tunnel.

'How very much the journey is like my life,' she thought, 'this present life, these travelling days!

'But haven't I always found that I am no sooner in the darkest spot of a trouble than I begin to see light again? Has not God run me safely through a great many tunnels, and cannot I trust him for those that are to come? And not only myself, but I have seen so many people go into the dark, and I have felt so sorry for them; but I have looked again, and they were out on the other side, and the sun shining upon them bright and clear once more.'

If we could only stretch out our hands, when things around grow black, and feel for a Father's hand; if we could only look out for the coming light, which shines so quickly into the dark places of life, what a safe and happy journey ours might be!

There is one dark tunnel through which we shall soon have to pass, the dim and solemn shadow of death.

But, hold on! It is a short, safe passage. And, before you are aware, you will be at the journey's end, and all its toils and dangers will be forgotten in the joy and gladness of the welcome home!

Mary Rajanayakam Gnanamani.

(Jacob Chamberlain, D.D., in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

God's ways seem to us very mysterious. We cannot fathom nor understand them. Among all our unordained native Christians one who stood forth pre-eminent for absolute consecration to the Master and deep, all-pervading piety, and of whose usefulness through a long career we had formed most earnest expectation, was the first to fall a victim in our Telugu field to the dreaded plague.

Mary Rajanayakam Gnanamani fell asleep in Jesus. A telegram reached us from her bereaved husband, announcing the sad event.

The whole Christian community there are all bowed with grief at the loss of one who had been so much to them all, not only in her freely rendered and skilful medical practice but in her wise and much-prized spiritual counsels and advice.

It was in June, 1889, that I first came in contact with Mary Rajanayakam. She was then headmistress of the Girls' Boarding School of the Madura Mission, under the superintendence of Miss Swift. I had told Miss Swift of the offer of the ladies in the Synod of Albany to educate a young Hindu native Christian lady as a doctor, under my supervision, if I could find a suitable candidate, and had asked her if she knew any young Christian native lady who had sufficient preliminary secular

education and enough force of character and enough consecration to the Master to meet our desires. She sat perfectly still for some moments and then said in a very quiet voice, 'Yes, I do know exactly the one you want, but before I tell you who it is you must give me time to think it over and pray over it and see whether I can bring myself to give her up to you. I could only do it, if at all, because I can see it would open a sphere where she could do much more for the Master than she can do in the sphere in which she now is, or in any sphere which I can open out to her.'

The next day she told me who it was, and described the character of Mary Rajanayakam in such a way that I felt confident that the Lord was answering our prayers of the whole year, that he would point out the right person. Miss Swift, however, insisted that I must first see her and judge of her myself before making the offer. I went down to Madura for that purpose and saw and talked freely with Mary Rajanayakam of the opening for more and higher service for him who had bought her, to which she responded in such a way that I then and there engaged her to take the full fours years' course in the Madras Medical College, and devote her life to work for the healing of the bodies and the souls of her Hindu sisters.

Mary graduated with honor and came up to Madanapalle to enter upon her life's work. But just then I had so broken down that my wife and I were obliged to leave for America to recruit, and it was arranged that she should go to Ranipettai and work there under the guidance of Dr. L. R. Souder until our return. And there, by God's ordering, she became acquainted with Dr. Scudder's earnest Christian apothecary, Mr. M. D. Gnanamani, and after writing home for our consent they were married. There she was permitted to lead into the Kingdom one family of her patients, and I believe more. Afterwards, at their earnest desire and on their initiative, Mr. Gnanamani and the apothecary in charge of the hospital at Madanapalle exchanged places in order, chiefly that Mary might carry out at Madanapalle the work for which she had been educated.

What a tower of strength they have both been to the Madanapalle Church. Each successive Missionary and Missionary's wife there have given unstinted recognition of the fact. Mr. Gnanamani seemed to imbibe his wife's spirit of consecration and rendered services which were exceedingly appreciated in the church and congregation as well as in his profession.

The whole of last year he gave an hour each day of his scant leisure time to teaching in the Lay Theological Telugu Class. While she often seemed to take the part of an American lady missionary in her work among the women not only in Madanapalle and its nearby villages, but used to go out into distant villages as well to push the work for him whom she loved.

It was with a feeling of deep personal bereavement that we received here the telegram announcing her death, or rather her translation, for it was that. I wish I felt as sure of a 'well done good and faithful servant' as I am that she received it.

* * * * * * * *

Since the preceding was written, further particulars have been received from Madanapalle.

It seems that Mrs. Gnanamani was taken down with fever on the 10th of March. For five days it seemed to be ordinary malarial fever, and all were encouraged to think that she was recovering, but she seemed to know that it was otherwise. The residents of Madanapalle, Europeans, and Hindus, as well as Christians, showed great concern and interest, Dr. Athol, the Government District Surgeon and Sanitary Officer, giving constant and careful attention to her, and relieving Mr. Gnanamani from all duty at the hospital, that he might remain with his wife. On the sixth day signs of the plague developed. The seventh day she suffered greatly, but was conscious to the end, which came at midnight of the 17th.

Mary seems to have been much affected by the troubles of late years in and around Madanapalle, famine, flood and the plague. When the plague settled down upon Madanapalle, she was much troubled about her children, two little boys, lest they be infected by the dread disease, and they were, after a little, sent to the care of her sister in Ongole, two hundred miles away, where there was and is no plague. As for herself, she determined quietly to go on with her duties and try and encourage the Christians and help the plague stricken as much as she could, though she had a premonition that she would herself be taken. She was willing, however, to leave it all in the hands of him whom she was so loyally trying to serve.

The last day, when it became evident that she would not survive, and notwithstanding the universal dread of coming within contact of the disease, Christians and Hindus pressed in to see her. Begging them, however, to remain at a distance from her bed lest they be contaminated, she talked with them, urging her Hindu friends to accept the Jesus who was so sustaining her. She seemed much to enjoy the singing of hymns of faith and hope by the Christians which kept up for long hours, as it helped her in her pain. She was unwavering in her faith and courage, and planned clearly with her husband for the future for their children and himself. When her husband said to her, 'You are safe in the arms of Jesus,' she replied, 'Yes, and you, too, are safe in the arms of Jesus,' and so speaking went happily to her beautiful and longed-for home.

She sent loving messages to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Scudder, and to the Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Chamberlain, and to Mrs. Chamberlain and myself as her oldest friends in our Mission. Her only specific bequest was a pair of gold bracelets worth Rs. 150, to the Madanapalle Church.

Mr. Gnanamani informs us that for a year they had been planning that soon he should retire from Government service, and then give themselves wholly to volunteer service for Christ. He has been for near twenty years in Government employ, and could soon retire with a moderate pension, and as they had lived frugally, they had laid up a sum the interest of which with his pension would, they estimated, be sufficient for their modest support while they should devote their entire time and their strength unitedly to service for their Master.

Mary's funeral was, despite the fear of the plague, largely attended by Christians and non-Christians. The European gentlemen of the station, officials and others as well as a large company of Christians and non-Christians, on foot followed the bier to our pretty little Mission cemetery, a mile to the east of the town. We understand that the Sub-collector and joint magistrate of the district proposes a public subscription to place a monument over her grave. The grief and sympathy of the non-Christian Hindus are also most marked, and they will gladly join in such a testimony to her worth. Her best monument, however, will be in the higher and holier lives of those she has by her influence brought to, or nearer to, him whom she adored and served with such consecration.

God give us more such consecrated souls to work for him, and India's salvation will be nearer.

The Velvet Principle.

'When I was a boy,' said Paxton Hood, 'I, and a number of my playmates had rambled through the woods and fields till, quite forgetful of the fading light, we found ourselves far from home—we found we had lost our way. It so happened that we were nearer home than we had thought, but how to get there was the question. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him the way. Whether he was in trouble, I know not, but he gave us a very surly answer.

'Just then there came along another man, with a very merry face, who said laughingly:

'"Jim, a man's tongue is like a cat's—it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sandpaper, just as he likes to use it or to make it; and I declare you always seem to use your tongue for sandpaper. Try the velvet, man; try the velvet principle!"'

Thankful for Disappointment

Sir James Simpson, the famous surgeon, soon after he commenced his medical career, applied unsuccessfully for a post as ship's surgeon, and then, with a like result, for an appointment to a small village on the Clyde. Of the latter he afterwards said:

'When not selected, I felt, perhaps, a deeper amount of disappointment than I have ever experienced since that date. If I had been chosen I would probably have been working there as a village doctor still. But, like many other men, I have, in relation to my whole fate in life, found strong reason to recognize the weighty fact that assuredly—

'There's a Divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.'

—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Soldier's Hairbreadth Escape

In a town in Scotland I found a poor widow in great distress, weeping bitterly. Her only son—a soldier—was engaged in the war then going on in the Soudan, and telegrams had made it known that the first decisive engagement was expected to take place between our troops and the insurgents this same day. What made the mother's burden intolerable was the thought of her son being exposed to the perils of that engagement without her having any sure hope of his being safe for eternity. The precious promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done for you of my Father who is in heaven,' was earnestly pleaded before God that day. Mother and friend agreed to ask him to save that soldier son, to cover his head in the day of battle, and to lead him to decide at once and for ever for the Lord Jesus Christ. 'The Lord grant all that we have asked,' said the mother, as she rose from her knees, and appeared greatly relieved in her mind by thus casting all her burden on him. The mail which brought accounts of the battle brought a letter from that son to his mother, telling her that a bullet had passed between his legs and shot down the comrade immediately behind him, and that another soldier close by his side had been killed; adding, 'But God saved me, and that awful day will never be forgotten by me, for I have decided for Christ, and I am his now, mother, for ever and ever.' All this took place on the very day that mother and friend unitedly agreed to ask the thing which was so promptly done for them; so was the promise fulfilled, 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.'—E. Roberts, in 'Christian Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Our Sunday-School Treat.

(The 'Rev. Carruthers Ray,' M.A., in 'Home Words.')

My first Sunday-school Treat—the very thought of the misery I underwent in connection with it still makes me shiver with dread. I was a young curate then, hopelessly ignorant of the 'rampageous ways of small fry,' since I had never had small brothers or sisters to keep in order, and (I confess it with shame) my pet aversion was a baby, or any child still at a too tender age. I was always afraid that something would happen to them, and that I should be held responsible should I not render first aid.

Strangely enough, when I went to the parish of 'Knebworth' (a fictitious name), the very first duty that was laid on my inexperienced shoulders was the superintending of a school treat at the seaside. My Vicar had fully intended to do the work himself, but a sudden attack of illness forced him to depend upon me to take his place.

'I am sorry there are very few teachers who can accompany the children,' he said to me before we started, 'but several kind friends have come forward to offer their services, and I am sure you will manage famously. I wish I were able to come with you.'

He must have noted the fervor with which I said 'I wish you were, too.'

We made an excellent start, with plenty of cheering and whistling from the railway-carriage windows. There were seventy-three of us all told. I insisted upon counting everybody, big and little, just as my mother counts the packages, parcels and portmanteaus which make up her luggage. How I hoped that I could be as happy as she is in not losing any of her belongings. Anyhow I determined it should not be for lack of putting her plan into practice. I would count the children at least three times during the day.

After a journey lasting an hour and a half —a very lively journey for me, by the way, in that I was in a constant state of alarm lest Bobby or Katie or Jane should fall out of the carriage windows—we arrived at our destination, the little town of Sandbay. First of all we marched straight (or rather I should say in the most straggling fashion) to the restauant where we were to have lunch some three hours later. I thought I would get the children to leave anything they did not want in the way of wraps at the meeting-place, at the same time taking the opportunity to impress upon them the precise address, in case any one should get lost.

They were just about to distribute in small parties under the charge of my helpers, when something—perhaps the recollection of my mother's punctilious care of her luggage—prompted me to re-count the children as they left the restaurant. We were only seventy-two! For the moment I tried to be calm.

'Stop!' I called. 'There is already one child missing. Which of the teachers has less than twenty children?' (I had divided them up in companies of a score each, reserving twelve for myself.)

To my dismay it was discovered that my own company was one short. A search in the restaurant proved fruitless: a small boy of seven was not to be found. I think I may claim to have done the right thing. My eleven children I divided among the other companies, and myself set off to try to track the lost boy.

Before long the whole available police force of the tiny town was more or less at my disposal, and I believe if I had suggested it we should have tried dragging the sea, so willing were the men to help me. High and low we looked, but with no result. My one hope was that when we met at lunch the truant would be forthcoming. Lunch time came: also the whole party, less one child!

You can imagine my feelings. I had failed dismally at the very first trial. After lunch I decided that despite the disgrace I must telegraph to the Vicar, telling him what had happened. 'You might put in that inquiries should be made at Billy's home,' suggested one of the teachers. If I had known the value of the hint I would have hugged that man.

We wired and waited. In an hour the reply came, 'Billy Jones returned home ten o'clock quite safe.'

I do not think any telegram I have received has brought me such relief. All my mental pictures of the mangled remains of little Billy being found on the line, or his body washed up by the sea, vanished in a twinkling, and I was myself again. I need not add how thoroughly we enjoyed the afternoon.

But about Billy. On our return we learnt that the little scamp had been so enraptured with the joys of the railway train that he had decided that the pleasure he knew was to be preferred to the pleasure he did not know. He therefore climbed back into the railway carriage and hid himself under the seat till the train started, happily homewards, Sandbay being the terminus. Once fairly going, out he came from his hiding-place and leaned out of the window to his heart's content to 'watch the wheels go round.' I still tremble to think what might have happened.

At the first station at which the train stopped, some twenty miles down the line, he was asked for his ticket. Then came the deluge —of tears—for he had none.

A few questions elicited 'where he came from,' and home he was despatched in charge of a kindly guard.

Since that eventful 'treat!' I have had many amusing experiences, but none tragic. I have learnt that the best way of assuring the safety of children is to trust them very largely to each other's keeping. 'Now, Tommy,' I say to one of the elder lads, 'I'm going to depend upon you to take care of Benny,' and (such is human nature!) Tommy is proud of his responsibility, and not only keeps Benny but himself out of mischief.

Perhaps my funniest experience was the rigging out a dozen boys in dry clothes, hired from a pawnbroker's shop—my first and I hope my last visit to 'Uncle.' The young monkeys had raced some big seas round a point and been soaked to the skin! It was only a bare hour after our arrival, and for the rest of the day the smallest lad of all marched proudly about the fashionable pleasure resort in a pair of flannels three or four sizes too large for him. He evidently thought himself a man, rigged out as he was in trousers that would have fitted his father.

Saving.

More than five hundred persons competed for the prizes lately offered by a Chicago trust company for the best thoughts on the subject of saving. The man who received the first prize wrote: 'Saving produces a peace of mind unknown to him who in time of misfortune must depend on the bounty of his friends. Determine to save, for will-power is the prime essential. Deposit regularly. Lay aside some portion of each week's or month's income. Deposit extra and unexpected receipts.' It is a short but sound and comprehensive sermon on thrift, and enlists in a good cause two forces that sometimes fight on opposite sides: will-power and habit.—'Youth's Companion.

Our Minister's Text.

(Aunt Carrie, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

We were on our way to Philadelphia, father and I. Not seated in a comfortable steam car, drawn by a swift moving engine, for our community boasted no such convenience at the time of which I am writing, forty years ago. But seated in a market waggon drawn by a pair of slow moving farm horses. Still, the twenty-mile ride was never dreaded by a young girl on her way to the city to do her spring shopping.

We had risen early while it was yet dark, breakfasted and started with our marketing. How weird and strange even familiar objects looked at that unseemly hour. I leaned my head against father's shoulder and dozed, the first few miles of the way. Then day began to dawn, and father said here we are at the county line. That is Mr. DuBoise's place and there is Abram going to the barn now. They were our church people. We spoke of their long drive to church, and then the conversation drifted into church affairs and our dear old pastor, domine as father called him. And of his sermon the previous Sabbath. His text was from Malachi, 'Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.' His sermon brought out the fact that the Israelites were supposed to render one-tenth of their products to the Lord. And if they with their meagre light, and the Saviour still unborn, and but a dim comprehension of his glorious kingdom gave thus, should not the Christians of to-day, who knew so well of the birth, life and death of Jesus, and felt their sins forgiven for his sake, give at least one-tenth? Far rather more than less to spread his kingdom, so much greater were their privileges.

I had been deeply impressed by the sermon. Do you suppose you give one-tenth? Wouldn't it be fine to begin to do so? Father smiled and said, 'Why don't you begin? You might try it to-day, you have your own shopping money to spend as you please.' 'Oh, father,' I exclaimed, 'I am two dollars short of what I want now; give me five dollars more, then I could do it nicely.' I had made a memorandum of my wants, and had a pretty accurate idea of their cost.

'Why, child,' said father, 'if I gave you five dollars more and you devoted three to the cause that would be my gift not yours. You would exercise no self-denial at all.'

'But please do, father.'

'Oh, no, Caroline.'

Now, when father's pleasant Caddie gave place to a stern Caroline, it was useless to urge.

Conversation drifted into other channels, we met children going to school and heard the bells cheerily calling them in. Father pointed out changes that had been made since last I had been down with him. At last we reached the city. And while father disposed of his produce I was to do my shopping and meet him at his hotel for our homeward drive by the middle of the afternoon.

I went into a restaurant to lunch after my long drive. I took out my memorandum to consider and dispose of the tithing thoughts. It seemed so impossible to dispense with any article that I truly wished that text had not come up for consideration, but it had, and I could not down it. Then that verse in Malachi preceding our next text came into my

head, 'Will a man rob God. Yet have ye robbed me in tithes and offerings.' That settled it. I could not rob God. So I sacredly put away one-tenth and purchased accordingly. I told no one, and no one knew how hard it was, or how happy I was in the consciousness of doing as I ought. I did not have a pang of regret until a few Sabbaths later Carrie Green took her place in church in the seat in front of ours, and as I contrasted her lace collar and dainty kids with my linen choker and lisle thread gloves, how mean and cheap I felt.

We rose for prayer my thoughts still going in forbidden paths. As I recalled them our pastor was saying: 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.' I repeated to myself: 'Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory and dominion,' and cried out in my heart forgive, oh, forgive me for grudging the little I gave for the spread of thy glory and kingdom.

Why He Chose Sandy.

'There will be room for one more boy,' said the children's uncle, 'as Phil is not well enough to go. Phil, you may choose a boy to take your place.'

Uncle Travers had promised the Moore children a moonlight ride, and now Phil was laid up with tonsilitis, and couldn't go.

'I chose Sandy Magill,' said Phil.

'Sandy!' cried the others in surprise. 'Why do you choose Sandy? We never play with Sandy.'

Phil wouldn't say at first why he wanted Sandy to have his ride; he seemed to be shy of telling the little story, but after some coaxing he did tell it.

'I know Sandy is a quiet sort of chap,' he said, 'and the fellows have always said that he hadn't any spirit; but when the school got into trouble about breaking Mr. Mason's window, Sandy was the only boy that didn't run; he didn't throw the ball, but he was in the game, and he paid for it out of his own money that he earns by carrying milk. He said it wasn't fair to Mr. Mason, but he didn't seem to care that it wasn't fair to himself. I liked him for that.'

'I like him for it, too,' said Uncle Travers; 'it's a good sign to see a man or boy looking out for other people's rights; he may not have the sort of spirit that passes for pluck in this world, but it is the spirit of the Christian, who "seeketh not his own"; and there is something God put into all our hearts that makes us admire that spirit. You see, as soon as Philip saw it in Sandy, he liked him for it, and wanted to do him a good turn.'

'We'll send for Sandy to come to take tea with poor Phil,' said Phil's mother; she hated to see her boy miss his ride.

'Mother hopes that "seeking not his own" will be catching, though tonsilitis isn't,' said Phil, smiling to himself from his white pillow. —'Children's Friend.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

A Chinese Mission School in Honolulu.

(The Rev. J. Elmer Russell, in 'Wellspring.')

Mills Institute, Honolulu, is a Christian boarding school for the Chinese boys of Hawaii. According to a translation of the school's Chinese name, 'Chum Chun Shu Shat,' it is a 'Searching-for-Truth Literary Institution.'

Before the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, and the consequent application of American exclusion laws, there was a large immigration of Chinese to the islands; and under the friendly and stimulating influence of western civilization in the 'Paradise of the Pacific,' their development has been phenomenal. As editors, bankers, contractors, merchants, rice planters, mechanics, and common laborers, they have come to occupy a place of importance, in respect to the future of Hawaii, greater than that of the natives, whose vanishing population they are fast approaching in numbers, and second only to that of the Americans and Europeans.

The Sandwich Islands of other days have ceased to be a foreign missionary field, and the former work of the American Board has been assumed by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. Their mission to the Chinese has long been under the charge of two earnest workers, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Damon. About twelve years ago, they started what is now Mills Institute with six students and the school has grown in importance and size, until in the years 1900 and 1901, when I knew it, as one of the instructors, the attendance had increased to over seventy, the ages of the students varying from ten to twenty, with three American teachers, besides the principal, in charge of the school.

In a tropical garden, where cocoanuts wave their fronds in the trade winds, and large bunches of bananas ripen on their broad-leaved stalks, and falling tamarinds and mangoes distract the minds of students from their books, stands the old-fashioned adobe house of the Damons, and two picturesque and airy dormitories, the latter painted in oriental colors, and all heavily draped with orange trumpet creeper and Mexican vine. As one leaves the bustling activity of Fort or Nuuanu streets and walks for half a block through Chaplain lane into the quadrangle of Mills Institute, he feels something of the serenity of spirit which comes to the New Yorker when he forsakes Broadway and wanders into Trinity Church.

The purpose of Mr. and Mrs. Damon has been to throw round their students the influences of a refined and Christian home, and yet to guard them against being spoiled by a veneer of civilization for whose responsibilities they are not fitted. To keep them in touch with their own people, a part of each day was devoted to the study of Chinese under native teachers. Moreover, their food and their general manner of life were Chinese rather than Anglo-Saxon.

A brief description of the daily routine as I was familiar with it will aid the imagination to picture the life of the school.

At half-past five o'clock in the morning, the year round, the rising bell rang. Usually some boy would at once jump up and turn on the electric light; but if all seemed disposed to turn over for another nap, it was one of my duties, as the teacher in charge of the older boys, to see that every one in my dormitory was awake and dressing. Fifteen minutes later the bell rang for morning prayers, which were conducted in Chinese, a part of the hour being devoted to the reading of some important Christian book, such as Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated by large colored pictures in which Christian and Giant Despair appeared as Chinamen.

Next came a period of work. Divided into squads, each with its captain, the boys swept the yard, the dormitories, and the dining and school rooms. Then there was a short intermission, when they might comb and braid their queues, and make their beds before the bell rang for Chinese school. Here they studied aloud, much as an American boy might commit his spelling lesson to memory, 'C-a-t—cat, c-a-t—cat.' The confusion which resulted always reminded me of the noise of the rats in Browning's Pied Piper. When any one of the boys thought that his lesson was perfectly learned, he walked up and 'backed the teacher'; that, is, standing with his back to the teacher, so that he could not see the book which the teacher held, he repeated his lesson.

After Chinese school, at about eight o'clock, was the breakfast hour. The students assembled at the sound of the bell, and, marching into the dining-room, stood round the uncovered, plain pine tables, and with bowed heads repeated the following grace: 'God bless the food which now we take, and do us good, for Jesus' sake. Amen.' Then they seated themselves and the meal began. Each boy had his own bowl of rice; but the meat, cut into tiny pieces, and the bean sprouts, lily root, or other Chinese vegetables, were served in central dishes, from which each one helped himself with his chopsticks. All the food was prepared by student cooks, who earned free tuition in this way.

Breakfast over, there was an intermission of nearly half an hour before the daily dormitory inspection. After this, the more advanced pupils went out to the government schools, Mills not having a large enough faculty to teach algebra and physics and Latin as well as the rudiments of English. The students who remained at home were, therefore, those whose knowledge of English did not admit them to the government schools. The English of a Chinese boy of thirteen after perhaps two years of study appears in the following letter, which I received after my return to the United States:—

Honolulu, H.I., May 6th, 1902.

Dear Mr. Russell:—

Your letter is on Feb. 3, 1903. You told me about you live in cold place. By and by I went over your home at New York city.

But I do not you glad to let me want over or not, And I do not no you have a room to let me or not. I will send you a picture to you. How are you Russell. I think you very glad indeed. With my best regard I am,

Your Friend,

A CHANG AK.

After the English school closed at two o'clock there was another session of the Chinese school until four o'clock. A straight hour of recreation then followed. The Chinese are not naturally disposed to exercise just for the fun of it; they prefer to sit still and play elaborate games of dominoes, checks and chess. The younger boys, however, soon discovered the joys of baseball and football, and the possibilities of amusement which the gymnasium contained. Sometimes a quarrel or a fight had to be stopped, and the answer to the inquiry, 'What started this?' was generally, 'He foolo me,' which seemed to cover a multitude of slights and aggressions. Twice a week there was military drill, and one Saturday afternoon in a month the whole school went for a tramp to the mountains or along the beach.

After the recreation hour came the second meal of the day, the Chinese having nothing for luncheon except some kind of cakes or biscuit. Dinner was a repetition of breakfast, and at six-thirty the evening study hour be-

gan, and lasted for two hours, with an intermission for prayers in English; then there was half an hour to get ready for bed. Many of the boys took a bath every night, and in any case there was a vigorous washing of the feet, which had been bare since Chinese school. The smaller boys were all required to say, 'Now I lay me,' before creeping under their mosquito nets for the night, and the older boys were urged to adopt the habit of prayer. One of the younger students died at home, and for weeks no one would occupy his bed. They were afraid of his devil, they said, which reminds me that one of the teachers was named in Chinese the short devil and another the tall devil, no disrespect necessarily implied by such titles.

On Sundays the boys, attired in a natty uniform, blue coat and white trousers, marched to Sunday-school and church, and a fine-looking set of fellows they were. One of the Mills alumni played the pipe organ, and others sang in the choir, which was composed entirely of male voices, the women sitting in proper seclusion at one side of the church.

Did all of these boys become Christians? No, but many of them were as earnest Christians as any American boys of their age; and all, I feel sure, caught much of the Christian spirit. Everywhere in Hawaii, yes, and in the homeland of China, the influence of Mills Institute is being felt, and will be felt increasingly as the years go by.

A quotation I have preserved from an essay by one of our very best students reveals the thoughts which were stirring in many hearts:

'The Chinese Christians in Honolulu can go back to China and help their own people to become Christians. It is a hard task, indeed, but when we come to think of those who had their heads cut off just because they wanted to follow Christ, we can realize that we are not doing as much as those people.'

The Lost Prayer Book.

A once popular minister gradually lost his influence and congregation. The blame was laid entirely upon him. Some of his church officials went to talk with him on the subject. He replied, 'I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true; and the reason of it is, I have lost my prayer-book.' He explained: 'Once my preaching was acceptable. Many were edified by it, and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous estate. But we were then a praying people. Many joined in prayer that my preaching might be blessed to the conversion of sinners and to the edification of saints. This, by the blessing of God, made us prosper. Prayer was restrained, and the present condition of things followed. Let us return to the same means, and the results may be expected.' They followed the suggestion, and in a short time the minister was as popular as he had ever been, and the church was in a flourishing state.

Wives in India.

Young wives in India ought to be prayed for, that amid their hard lives they may find comfort in Christ. Miss Agnes Kay, near Poona, thus describes the average lot of a young wife, who generally has to live in her husband's mother's house: 'Before the final marriage ceremony takes place, she comes to her mother-in-law's house to learn to be a useful wife, and finds it is a hard school. She is the servant, in fact the slave, of everyone, and as she is only a daughter-in-law, no amount of work is considered too much. It means grinding and cooking for a large family, and a severe thrashing if she does not do it properly. On one occasion, one had ague and fever so badly that she could not sit to grind, being too ill. Did the mother-in-law put her to bed, and treat her kindly? No; but beat her for not doing her work, and later on in the day, when the bread was not made so well as it might have been, she gave her another good thrashing. And this girl has not one to appeal to! Take the case now of a poor, unfortunate second wife (where the first is living). She has no choice in the matter, and goes into the house of her husband with not only a mother-in-law, but also the first wife, who thinks nothing too strict or hard to put upon her. She is now the slave of husband, mother-in-law, and first wife.—The 'Christian Herald.'

How God Answers.

Here is a fable: 'One day a drop of water lay in a pool on the city street. It was stained and soiled. But looking up, it saw the blue sky, and the pure heavens, and the white sunbeams dancing everywhere, and began to long for purity, for a nobler, worthier life. It looked up into the sky, and its longing became an earnest prayer to be made clean and beautiful. And its prayer was heard. Presently the little soiled drop was lifted up out of the gutter into the air—higher and higher. Then the breeze caught it and it was wafted away, far away, and by and by it rested in the bosom of a rose, a drop of pure, crystal dew.

So God answers our prayers for holiness. 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.'

'Whatsoe'er thou lovest, that become thou must;
God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust.'

—'Christian Age.'

Satan's Right of Way.

A few summers ago I was trying to buy a little wooded knoll in the Adirondacks. Between it and the public road was a stretch of meadow land, but I did not want this; I could get plenty of meadow land elsewhere. I just wanted the knoll, with its great rocks and its splendid old trees. But before buying it I had to make sure that I could get across the meadow land to and from the camp that I was intending to build there. In making my bargain with the farmer who owned it, I insisted upon his giving me a right of way to the public road. This he promised to do, and when the old country squire came to draw up the deed I kept talking about that right of way, until, finally, he became annoyed and, pushing his glasses back upon his forehead, he looked at me and said: 'Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it. Didn't you know enough about the law of New York State to understand that if this man sells you the knoll he is bound to give you a right of way along the shortest line between the property you buy and the main thoroughfare?' Well, the old man taught me some law, but he taught me a great deal more of religion. For I have learned that if I keep a little territory of my heart still under my control, Satan can demand a right of way from it through the rest of my life into the world; and, if Satan gets such a right of way and is allowed to pass back and forth without restriction, how long will it take him to ravage and destroy the whole? No surrender but that which is absolute is, therefore, a surrender that counts. We must either give all that we are to Christ, or have the grant we do make him prove ultimately null and void.—John Balcom Shaw.

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Where Do You Live?

I knew a man and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was never a cloud about
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl,
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.
'I may be mistaken, perhaps,' I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head;
'But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner!'

I met him next day; and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down;
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: 'Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?'

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,
For it told of a conscience calm and clear;
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl:
'Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!'
'Changed your residence?' 'Yes,' said Horner.
'It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving street!'

Now, every day as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long entreat,
To take a house on Thanksgiving street.
—Josephine Pollard.

The Idols Converted.

A missionary in Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a rack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols.

'What have you brought these here for?' the missionary asked; 'I don't want them.'

'You have taught us that we do not want them, sir,' said the native; 'but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?'

The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell founder and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and to prayer.

Entertainment at a Chinese Tea Party.

Our hostesses, sweet, bright-eyed little ladies, dressed in gay-colored silks, and with many jewels, great bunches of fresh chrysanthemums fastened in their smooth black hair, having 'litty litty feet,' and their finger nails protected by wrought gold cases, two or three inches long, were arranged, also with great stateliness, in a circle round us in the court outside the grotto. After some moments of silence, during which they curiously eyed our sombre travelling gowns and our ornaments, which were only the useful appendages of a watch and seal, two of the Chinese ladies took each from her pocket a round covered box made with a dried gourd, elaborately carved and fastened with silken cords, from which boxes again each gentle lady produced a sprightly, large black beetle and proposed a fight between the fierce game creatures for our amusement. The scene of our vision seemed to change from 'Wonderland' to 'Lilliputia' when the interpreter explained that these black, glossy insects were of a rare and special breed, and trained for the 'ring'; that their successful combat was a matter of pride to the owners of the victors, while the sport was a favorite diversion among the Pekingese ladies of rank.

Dismissing all fancies, we naturally shrank from witnessing a pitched battle between these ravenous little scavengers, and begged the interpreter to explain to the ladies that as active members of the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' we should not enjoy such an entertainment.

The interpreter, a very clever and earnest Chinese youth who had been educated at a missionary school and knew English well, answered that he could not translate what we had said so as to give the Chinese ladies any notion of our meaning.

'But "you" understand?' said I.

'Oh, yes,' replied the interpreter, 'and I have heard of your society; it is an effort on the part of the more intelligent classes of the West to do away with the monstrous practices of bull-fighting in Spain, fox-hunting in England, and horse-racing in America, which are the remains of the more heroic gladitorial sports of your ancients with wild beasts.

'There is nothing analogous to such customs in the whole history of our civilization, and these ladies would only be horrified to hear of the cruelties your society protests against, without being able to comprehend the great need of humane influence in your barbarous social conditions.'

After this elaborate and somewhat humiliating explanation, we simply declined the pleasure of the proposed coleopteratic performance, and Madame Yang-Fang and her friends doubtless thought us two very prejudiced ladies 'afraid of beetles.'—Olive Risley Seward, in 'Wide Awake.'

In Going From Home.

Sometimes young people going from home among strangers make the great mistake of neglecting to carry a letter from the church, Sunday-school, or Epworth League they are leaving, to that of the neighborhood to which they are going. They are in danger of drifting away from church fellowship and Christian acquaintances. They may be thrown among ungodly companions and partake of their ungodliness and, perchance, make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience.

It is of infinite moment to young people going from home what acquaintance they make in the first weeks in their new environment. If they go to the public, and especially the social, means of grace—to the prayer-meeting Sunday-school, league meeting—they will soon be surrounded by new companions who will be helpful in promoting a Christian life and character.

If you are musical, join the choir; if you are not, make yourself known in some way to the people of God. Though they may seem cold and indifferent, be assured they have warm hearts and kindly sympathy for the stranger. Connect yourself in some way with the house and with the people of God. 'It is better to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'

Unless you make such connections, be assured that other companionships will thrust themselves on you.

Let our churches, especially our town and city churches, be on the look-out for those young strangers coming among them so frequently.—Selected.

The Bird With the Broken Pinion.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

I walked through the woodland meadows,
  Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And found on a bed of mosses,
  A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
  It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
  Never soared so high again.

I found a young life broken
  By sin's seductive art,
And, touched with a Christian pity,
  I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
  And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
  Never soared so high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion,
  Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken,
  Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
  There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
  Never soars so high again.

A Spider Robinson Crusoe.

A writer in 'The Hearth' thus tells what he did with a spider when he was a boy one day when he grew tired of reading Robinson Crusoe:—

I took a wash basin and fastened up a stick in it like a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put him on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously commenced running around to find the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run and try the other side, and then run back to the top again.

Pretty soon it became a serious matter to Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it all over. As, in a minute, he acted as if he were going to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry, I put treacle on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the wood shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all around, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass. Suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went, like a rocket, to the top, and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times.

He got excited, and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this: That the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times, to see if it were strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore.

I thought he had earned his liberty, and I put him back in the wood shed again.

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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The following are the contents of the issue of June 18, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Port Arthur's Danger Revealed—Russian Pessimism Scored—The New York 'Sun.'
An Open Letter to Russia from the Defenders of Port Arthur—Translated for the New York 'Times.'
The Fate of Chandra Das's Patron—Special Correspondence of the London 'Times.'
The Promised Land—Great Exodus of Turks to Egypt—Correspondence of the 'Daily News,' London.
Royal Commission's Report on the Auxiliary Forces—English Papers.
Wireless Daily Paper on the 'Campania'; Marconi Directed the Work—The New York 'Times.'
No Color Question in Jamaica—An Object Lesson in Negro Management Worthy of Southern Study—By William Thorp, in the 'World's Work.'
A Rent Collector in Remote Ireland—By F. E. W., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Cobden Centenary—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Co-Operative Congress—Growth of the Movement—The 'Standard,' London.
Varying Views of Vacations—The Providence 'Journal.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Mr Watts in a' Literary Searchlight—By Walter Crane, in the 'Speaker.'
The Furniture of the Future—By L. March Phillipps, in the 'Speaker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

On the Death of a Friend's Child—Verses from 'Euphorion'—By Bayard Taylor.
War and Peace—Poem, by Hugh Macnaghten, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Literature and the State—Lecture by Mr. H. G. Wells—The 'Standard,' London.
Good Taste—William Dowe Downes, in the June 'Atlantic.'
Mixed Metaphors in the House of Commons—By a Member of Parliament, in the 'Spectator,' London.
The Plague of Novels—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Japanese Novel of Japan—A Partial Blending of Two Civilizations—The Springfield 'Republican.'
Molinari's Utopia—The Society of To-morrow—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
'The Double Garden'—Maeterlinck's New Volume—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
A Fourfold Counsel—Sermon, by the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D. D., Litt. D.—The 'Baptist Times and Freeman,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Royal Commission on Tuberculosis—An Interim Report—English Papers.
The National Importance of Physical Culture—By Eugen Sandow, in London 'Opinion.'
Fire Risks and Fire Prevention—The 'Athenæum,' London.
Educated Business Men—The 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Wire Rope from Pompeii—The Philadelphia 'Record.'
Green and Black Tea—Bulletin of Agricultural College, Tokio.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Ten Servants.

'A lazy little girl asked her fairy godmother to give her a good genius to do everything for her. So the fairy called ten dwarfs, who dressed and washed the little girl, and combed her hair and fed her. All was done so nicely that she was happy, except for the thought that they would go away.

"To prevent that," said the godmother, "I will place them permanently on your two pretty little hands;" and they are all there yet. —'Jewels.'

Doctor Hodge's Prayer.

"As far back as I can remember," said a wise and good man, "I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and asking him for everything I wanted. If I lost my book, or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school or out of school, whether playing or studying. I did this because it seemed natural to do so. I thought of God as everywhere present, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to him."

That man was Dr. Charles Hodge, the distinguished scholar and preacher. How happy all children would be if they were to talk with God as to their father, which he did as a child, and had also the habit of thanking God! Too often when our prayers are answered we forget to give God thanks.

The child who talks with God will not be likely to use bad words at any time. His speech and his heart will be sanctified by communing with one who is perfectly pure and loving, so that only words which are good and pleasant will flow from the lips.—'Good Cheer.'

A Lesson in Patience.

'Mother,' said Mary, 'I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him.'

'Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply.'

'But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures, and he does not know how to do it himself,' said Mary, pettishly.

'Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try and teach him a lesson in patience. This is harder to teach, and harder to learn, than any lesson in figures; and perhaps when you have learned this, the other will be easier to both.'—'Christian Messenger.'

The Hospital Picture Book

(Hannah G. Fernald, in 'Youth's Companion.')

There's many a play for a rainy day
In many a cozy nook,
But best of all when the big drops fall
Is the Hospital Picture Book!

The pictures are spread in goodly store,
Our dresses with aprons are covered o'er,
And happy and busy as bees we pore
Over the Hospital Picture Book.

We like to know as the pages grow
That little folks, as they look,
Will forget for a while their pain, and smile
At our Hospital Picture Book.

So every page is packed with cheer,
There's never a hint of a grief or a tear,
But posies are blossoming all through the year
In our Hospital Picture Book.

And the last they'll see (how surprised they'll be!)
Is a photograph uncle took
Of Nannie and Bee and baby and me
For the Hospital Picture Book!
And mother will write, 'We are four of your friends,
A heart full of love each one of us sends,
So here, with a cheery greeting, ends
Our Hospital Picture Book.'

Our Nice Pussy.

I suppose nearly all the little folks who read this paper have a pussy, and that each one of you thinks yours the very nicest one there is. That is just what we think of ours. Ours is a beautiful gray cat, with pleasant eyes and soft velvety paws. She is as frisky and playful as can be. When she was a kitten about three years ago, she could do so many tricks, jump so gracefully, walk across the room on her hind legs, and amuse us and our friends so much. She does not like to perform all these tricks now. Perhaps she thinks it is not very dignified now that she is a cat. She would rather watch the kittens doing those things. Puss knows all our family well and keeps track of each one. There are usually six of us at table. In the mornings we find her sitting in the long hall about breakfast time and watching each one as he or she comes down stairs. If all are not down at the regular time puss walks quietly into the dining-room, goes around the table, notes which chair is vacant, and then, quick as a flash, she runs up stairs to the room of the missing one to see what is the matter. If one is not well, and has remained in bed, up jumps puss, looks kindly to the occupant, and then curls herself up at the foot of the bed and stays there to see whether the sick one will get up after a while, or whether the trouble is serious and the doctor will appear. She looks as if she felt quite a responsibility upon her

to stay there. And stay she does if the illness continues, for really you could find her at the foot of the bed most of the time. Do you suppose she thinks she is a nurse, and that her purring is comforting to the sick one?

We call our pussy 'Mowey.' It is a queer name isn't it? Our little two-year old boy gave it to her. He could not pronounce the word mother, and because she had some kittens he thought that a proper name, so he called her 'Mowey,' and we all did, too.

Every morning about half past eight she comes up to my room to get a drink of cool water from a mug I keep there for her. She walks into the room, goes to the corner of the wash stand, waits for me to pour out the water and put the mug on the floor. But, no matter how thirsty she is, she never takes a drink until I pat and smooth her head six or eight times. If I am in something of a hurry, and give her only one or two pats she is not satisfied. She comes and bumps her head up on me and meows for more, and of course I have not the heart to turn away from her, no matter if I am in a hurry. So she gets the usual number.

If the young ladies of the family miss a train as they come out from school in Boston, and we sit down to lunch, expecting them on the next train, our puss looks at the vacant chairs at the table, understands the situation at once, jumps up into a chair by a window, puts her forepaws on the window sill and stands there looking down the avenue, stretching her neck and peering about through the branches of the trees, and staying there oftentimes until she sees them coming. Then, with a spring, out she goes into the hall and sits there at one side of the door to greet them as they enter. She follows them into the dining-room with a satisfied air, as though she wanted to say: 'I feel better now that all the family are here.'

A short time since a lady and gentleman and their two little children were making us a visit. 'Mowey' had a little kitten a few weeks old, which she kept on some soft cotton on the top of a barrel in the cellar. She was very much afraid some one would steal her precious kitten, so, whenever she heard any steps on the cellar stairs, she would run down as quick as a wink, stand close to the barrel, guarding the kitty. She was so unhappy if any one lifted the little roly-poly from her soft bed. These little visitors liked to go down two or three times a day, with their cousin and fondle the tiny pussy. The third morning, when they went down after breakfast to see her, they were surprised enough to find an empty bed and no puss there. They searched all about, trying to find her, but they did not succeed. They ran up stairs in a most excited way and told the folks that the dear little kitten was gone and asked that we try to find her. So the big folks went down to see if the could discover her hiding place. When they saw the pussy mother standing there and not at all distressed, they knew what had happened. One of them said '"Mowey" did not like to have these children bothering her little kit and she's just taken her out of the barrel and hidden her.' No one could find that kitten so long as the visitors stayed. The morning they left, however, after the mother had come up, as usual, for her morning drink, she stood for a few minutes at the spare-room door, looking in, and, seeing that the trunk was gone, she made a tour of the house to satisfy herself that the guests had departed, then went down to the cellar, brought the little kitten from her hiding place, wherever that was, and put her back into the barrel again.—The Standard.

Forgetting to Thank Mother.

Of course, you boys and girls are not the kind who forget to say "Thank you" when any one does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, father and mother taught you these two little words, and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say "Thank you" when somebody passes them the bread at dinner, or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word.

"Where are my gloves?" cried Jack, as he is about to start for school some cold morning. "Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my gloves alone!"

"Here they are, Jack," mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "I put them away for you when you left them lying about."

And perhaps Jack says, "Oh!" and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you" for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or for her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her. They take it for granted that, whatever they want, mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.

Start this very day to say "Thank you" whenever mother does you a kindness. Perhaps you will be surprised to learn how many chances there are in a day to use those little words. And you will be even more surprised to see how much it means to mother that you do not forget them.—'Great Thoughts.'

Queer Things.

A clock can run, but cannot walk;
My shoe has a tongue, but cannot talk;
A comb has teeth, but has no mouth;
A north wind blows the smoke straight south.

Bottles have necks, but have no heads;
And pins have heads, but have no necks;
And needles have to hold their threads
Right in their eyes—how it must vex!

If I were needle, comb or shoe,
I never should know what to do
My head is really in a whirl;
I'm glad I am a little girl.
—Bertha E. Bush, in 'Presbyterian.'

LESSON II.—JULY 10.

Jeroboam's Idolatry.

I. Kings xii., 25-33.

Golden Text.

Keep yourselves from idols. I. John xv., 21.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 4.—I. Kings xii., 25-33.
Tuesday, July 5.—Ex. xxxii., 1-10.
Wednesday, July 6.—I. Kings xiii., 1-10.
Thursday, July 7.—I. Kings xiii., 11-23.
Friday, July 8.—I. Kings xiii., 24-34.
Saturday, July 9.—II. Kings xxiii., 8-20.
Sunday, July 10.—I. Kings xiv., 5-16.

25. Then Jeroboam built Shechem in mount Ephraim, and dwelt therein; and went out from thence, and built Penuel.

26. And Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David:

27. If this people go up to do sacrifice in the house of the Lord at Jerusalem, then shall the heart of this people turn again unto their lord, even unto Rehoboam king of Judah, and they shall kill me, and go again to Rehoboam king of Judah.

28. Whereupon the king took counsel, and made two calves of gold, and said unto them, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

29. And he set one in Bethel, and the other put he in Dan.

30. And this thing became a sin: for the people went to worship before the one, even unto Dan.

31. And he made an house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi.

32. And Jeroboam ordained a feast in the eighth month, on the fifteenth day of the month, like unto the feast that is in Judah, and he offered upon the altar. So did he in Bethel, sacrificing unto the calves that he had made: and he placed in Bethel the priests of the high places which he had made.

33. So he offered upon the altar which he had made in Bethel the fifteenth day of the eighth month, even in the month which he had devised of his own heart: and ordained a feast unto the children of Israel: and he offered upon the altar, and burnt incense.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

The events of this lesson are recorded almost immediately following those studied last week. We have seen how the kingdom, over which Saul, David, and Solomon had ruled, came to be divided.

From the time Moses led the Hebrews from their Egyptian bondage, down to the time when Rehoboam ascended the throne, they had been one nation. But now they have become two, Judah and Israel, the Southern and the Northern kingdoms, the two tribes forming the one and the ten the other, each with its own king. After the meeting at Shechem, where King Rehoboam foolishly offended the northern tribes, and caused them to rebel, he had hastened back to Jerusalem and summoned his army, intending to put down the rebellion. God, however, forbade this movement, and commanded Rehoboam's soldiers to go to their own homes, and so the new northern kingdom of Israel was not conquered, and the two nations continued side by side until the exile.

In to-day's lesson we deal with the kingdom of Israel, under Jeroboam who ruled over the ten tribes for twenty-two years.

Here we have an account of Jeroboam's turning away to idols, and the reason for it. It was not a religious, but a political motive which caused this disobedience, as we shall see.

The time was in the tenth century before Christ, though the exact year is not known. By reference to a map, showing how the land was divided among the tribes, you will see the relative locations of the two kingdoms.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 25. 'And went out from thence, and built Penuel.' Establishing his capital first at Shechem, where the great meeting mentioned last week took place. Jeroboam later removed it to Penuel, about twenty miles east of the Jordan. This was formerly called Peniel, and it was at this place that Jacob wrestled with the angel. See Genesis xxxii., 24-32. Great ruins on the probable site of Penuel are still to be seen.

26, 27. 'And Jeroboam said in his heart, Now shall the kingdom return to the house of David.' In these two verses we find the cause of Jeroboam's idolatry. He had now his own kingdom, but Israel and Judah still had the same religion. Moreover, Jerusalem was the religious capital of all the Jews. It was there that the ark reposed in the great temple, and there all the tribes went three times a year to observe the feasts commanded by Moses.

'Three times in a year shall all thy males appear before the Lord thy God in the place which he shall choose; in the feast of unleavened bread, and in the feast of weeks, and in the feast of tabernacles.' Deuteronomy xvi., 16.

Jeroboam therefore reasoned that, if the men of his kingdom continued to observe this custom and to meet with the men of Judah so frequently, old differences might be forgotten, and the ten tribes would be won back to Rehoboam.

Poor, blundering king! Why did he not reason more wisely? Because Jeroboam forgot God's promise and left him out of consideration. God had told him that, because of Solomon's idolatry, he would rend the kingdom and give him ten tribes, and had said to him that he would be with him and would 'build him a sure house,' if only Jeroboam would obey God. I. Kings xi., 38.

Many there are who seek in their own disobedience to gain by toil that happiness and peace that God promises those who believe and obey him.

28-31. 'And this thing became a sin.' Well, Jeroboam came to the sad conclusion that the thing for him to do, in order to save the ten tribes for himself, was to establish idolatry in Israel, so that they would have a religion of their own.

He made two golden calves, and set one up in Bethel and the other in Dan. These cities had each had some religious associations in the history of Israel, and were situated one at the southern and the other at the northern end of Jeroboam's territory.

He also made 'an house of high places,' or as the Revised says, 'houses of high places,' meaning apparently temples of worship located on hills or elevations of some sort. The people need no longer go to the temple of Jerusalem.

'Priests from among all the people,' (Revised.) The priests, according to the Mosaic law, were from the tribe of Levi, so that Jeroboam committed another offence in this method of choosing priests.

We might at first suppose that Jeroboam, as a stroke of policy, would keep the Levites as priests, for the people were more accustomed to them, but in II. Chronicles xi., 13, 14, we read, concerning Rehoboam's doings, 'And the priests and the Levites that were in all Israel resorted to him out of all their coasts. For the Levites left their suburbs and their possession, and came to Jerusalem: for Jeroboam and his sons had cast them off from executing the priests' office unto the Lord.'

Evidently the loyalty of the Levites to the temple worship at Jerusalem would endanger the plan of Jeroboam. The Levites had no separate territory but were located in forty-eight cities scattered throughout the whole territory of the two kingdoms. See Joshua xxi.

32, 33. 'And Jeroboam ordained a feast.' He was imitating the true worship, in certain respects, and conforming to the custom of the people at least partially in the matter of this feast.

So, with offering upon an unholy altar, and incense, and with false priests, and false gods, in mock temples, and in unappointed places, did King Jeroboam establish a new religion, because he could not trust God to carry out his promise, but had to take matters into his own hand.

But, the question arises, what about his subjects? Did all Israel become sinful idol worshippers because their king set an example? This was a case where men had to choose between their divine and earthly rulers, and there were so many in Israel who had the grace to choose for right, and whose conduct stands as a rebuke to their fellows who sought after idols.

'And after them out of all the tribes of Israel such as set their hearts to seek the Lord God of Israel came to Jerusalem, to sacrifice unto the Lord God of their fathers.' II. Chronicles xi., 16.

The lesson for July 17 is 'Asa's Good Reign,' II. Chronicles xiv., 1-12.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 10.—Topic—Some modern idols and how to overthrow them. Luke xii, 15-21; Phil. iii., 17-19.

Junior C. E. Topic.

AN UNHAPPY FAMILY.

Monday, July 4.—An unwise father. Gen. xxv., 28; xxvii., 1-5.

Tuesday, July 5.—A deceitful mother. Gen. xxvii., 6-17.

Wednesday, July 6.—An untruthful son. Gen. xxvii., 18-24.

Thursday, July 7.—Stealing a blessing. Gen. xxvii., 25-29.

Friday, July 8.—A blessing lost. Gen. xxvii., 30-35.

Saturday, July 9.—An angry brother. Gen. xxvii., 36-41.

Sunday, July 10.—Topic—An unhappy family. Gen. xxvii., 33-46.

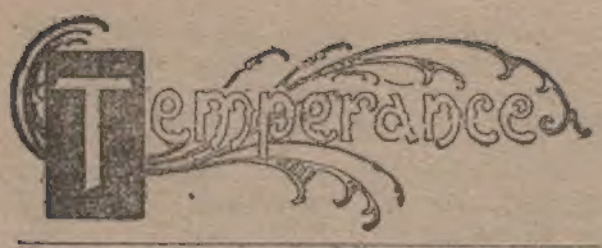
The Teacher's Chance.

In your work you may meet with prejudices, such as that 'It is not natural for children to become Christians.' There are others who think it is necessary for youth to pass through a period known as 'sowing wild oats,' before they can receive spiritual impressions. But we have the Bible and Jesus to prove the contary. The child Samuel distinctly heard the voice of God and responded to it. So did Jeremiah; so did John the Baptist. The gardener who wants his trees to grow straight, begins while they are saplings. It is much easier for a child to shape its conduct Christward before it has old prejudices to overcome, and old ruts to climb out. When the blacksmith shapes a horse-shoe, he does it while it is hot, for every moment's delay after the iron is taken from the fire makes the shaping less possible. The sculptor moulding a beautiful figure in wax or clay, works while the material is plastic, for it will shortly harden. The biscuits which come to you with the maker's name stamped on them, received their impression in the dough state. And, if we are to stamp the image of Christ upon a child's soul, it must be done in those early, plastic, and susceptible years. Moreover, Jesus said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' Jesus did not say, Except ye become converted and become as old men ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven. But he did say, 'Except ye become converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'—The Rev. D. H. Martin, of Newark.

To serve some child of Thine and so serve Thee,
Lo, here am I; to such work send me.
—Edward Everett Hale.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.



His Last Chance.

A TRUE STORY.

(A. S., in the 'Alliance News.')

Almost as the merry bells were ringing in the new year—at the time when eternal hope was springing with renewed strength in the human breast, when good wishes for future happiness and prosperity were on everyone's lips, the following significant message was handed to me:—'Jim Bradley is dead. He poisoned himself.' (For obvious reasons I suppress the real name.)

The news did not surprise me, reader; but a hundred memories crowded into my brain, while tears welled into my eyes. For poor Jim was once a great friend of mine.

The son of a wealthy Northerner, this young man (he was only about thirty years of age) whose fate I am about to briefly chronicle as a warning to drinkers of intoxicating liquors, inherited a fortune of some £30,000 on obtaining his majority, up to which time he had been a very moderate drinker. No sooner had he received his legacy, however, than a desire to 'see life' seized him, and he left his good home and went to London, taking up his residence there at one of the best and the most fashionable hotels.

He had been educated at a university, and he was exceptionally handsome, of good physique, and in every sense of the word a cultured gentleman. His father having been a stockbroker (in whose office Jim had spent about a year), the gambling fever took possession of the son, and he commenced, much against the advice of friends, to try and increase his fortune by dealing largely in speculative scrip. For a time he made heaps of money, then success took the usual turn, and he lost, and lost, and lost, until he had barely £10,000 left.

During this time he had been elected a member of two first-class London clubs, and he had also unfortunately acquired the habit of drinking to excess. As his fortune began to dwindle so ominously he determined to go to New Zealand, and start sheep farming, and with this end in view he duly set sail. Instead, however, of carrying out this intention, so strong a hold had the craving for drink taken possession of him that he became a victim to its baneful influence, and in six months he had spent all his money; in fact, his friends had to pay his passage home again, where he arrived in a wretchedly broken-down condition, and quite unable to fulfil any position of responsibility that might then have been secured for him.

Eventually he got a clerkship in the city, at a salary of £100 a year, and for a few months kept himself straight, until the old craving again overcame him, when he renewed his fatal drinking habits, and was very soon discharged from his appointment. He had then to depend entirely on loans and gifts from friends, and so confirmed a dissomaniac had he become that he spent almost every penny he could get hold of on intoxicants. I have known him to receive a remittance of £5 in the morning, and the following day to beg 6d. to buy food, while every available article was pledged, even unto his razor. So bad became his case that he was sent to a home for inebriates, where he remained for maybe twelve months. He was then supposed to be cured, and, on quitting the establishment, a berth of £400 a year was secured for him in the States. Despite his promises to remain a teetotaller, he broke out again on the voyage, and so violent and unmanageable did he become that he had actually to be placed in irons.

However, he was able to fulfil his appointment in a highly satisfactory manner, for a period of two or three years, when once more he fell a victim to the fiend, and lost this excellent berth. Arriving in London he was sent back to the asylum, where he remained for a considerable time. His friends were now so utterly tired of helping him that they left him entirely to his own resources on his second discharge from restraint, and it was only on his faithfully promising to keep straight that a former colleague got him a situation at £1 a week, to do sample copying work. In six weeks it was the old story; drink, discharged, pennilessness. In fact, so degraded had he become that he would even beg a copper in the street from any casual passer-by.

Happening one day to meet a well-to-do merchant, who had known him in his better days, the former took him in hand, bought him a new rig-out, and got him a traveller's situation at £200 a year. This was his last chance, and he prayed to God to help him redeem his character. It may seem incredible, yet 'tis a solemn fact, that he got hopelessly drunk before he had been a single week 'on the road.' This was but a few months ago, since when I had entirely lost sight of him; knew nothing about his whereabout, nor how he was living. On a day early in this new year, however, the fatal message reached me from a relative of his.

Surely he died an awful death, and through the world's greatest curse! And yet there are myriads of similar instances of wrecked lives; of broken fortunes, of lost opportunities at the hands of this dread enemy, notwithstanding which so many young men and women hesitate not to drink the vile poison, consoling themselves no doubt in the belief that they are not as others, who hopelessly fall under its pernicious influence, its degrading, debasing, passion-exciting sway.

But what a dreadful mistake so many of them make is hourly evidenced by the thousands on thousands of tragedies that owe their committal solely to its evil promptings, to the millions of lives it annually slays, to the vast fortunes it causes to be squandered by its impotent slaves.

Temples of the Holy Ghost Defiling Themselves With Tobacco.

(The Rev. A. W. Orwig, in 'Living Epistle.')

The title of this article was suggested to the writer by having heard the Rev. John S. Inskip relate his experience, more than twenty years ago, at a camp-meeting, on how he was delivered from the use of tobacco. Alluding to the fact that he had for years been an inveterate smoker, he remarked that one day while enjoying his cigar, a voice seemed to say to him, 'The bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost.' He then called to mind the fact that the Bible declared this to be the case. And his next thought was, 'Ought temples of the Holy Ghost to emit so much smoke? The habit seemend inconsistent to him and he heartily abandoned it. Afterwards, however, while indulging in the use of the weed as a medicine, the thought came to him, 'Can't I give it up? Have I not told the people that I've given up all for Jesus? And shall I not give up this contemptible idol?' and by the grace of God he did give it up. Subsequently some of his friends suggested that he might use tobacco as a medicine without giving offence. But he would not allow such a subterfuge to ensnare him again. He had gotten hold of a wonderfully precious principle, and this was to abandon the tobacco habit for Christ's sake. And he did so, and was forever delivered from even the desire for the weed.

If other Christians were to look at the matter in the light of renouncing tobacco for the sake of Christ, they would doubtless achieve the victory over the habit all the sooner. But the trouble with some is, they do not care to give it up. It is an indulgence of which they are so fond that it has become an idol to them. And yet they may spurn the idea of it being such. But this may be so because they do not properly know themselves. The long-continued use of this narcotic may have so greatly stupefied their moral and spiritual sensibilities as to leave them largely incompetent to decide as to their real spiritual condition, and this also makes such people veritable slaves to the vile weed.

He Despised Himself.

A clergyman once said, 'I love my pipe, but I despise myself for using it.' That was unquestionably a case of conviction as to the impropriety and wrong of using tobacco. When a man despises himself for using the weed, I think the Holy Spirit is at work upon him, and calls loudly upon him to abandon it. And to the degree that he hesitates and refuses, he becomes less and less a temple of the Holy Ghost. For the Spirit being grieved will of necessity be measurably if not entirely withdrawn. Possibly some tobacco-loving Christians, while wondering why they have not more of the Holy Spirit, might the more readily solve the problem by turning their attention to the matter in this particular direction.

A friend whom I once endeavored to persuade to renounce tobacco, said in reply, 'I must smoke myself drunk every night before I can go to sleep.' What a confession of abject slavery to the unclean idol of tobacco! Nay, more, to the demoralizing and injurious effects of the vile thing. And then, too, the idea of it being a solace, as some Christians confess is the case! What a wretched thing to which to resort for consolation! Why not go to God for comfort? He is the true source of all real solace. O child of God, how can you substitute the filthy and pernicious weed for the Lord? Has he not said, 'I, even I, am he that comforteth you?'

The fact that God calls upon us to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit ought certainly to be a sufficient reason for every one, especially professing Christians, to give up tobacco in every form. Some, however, not only smoke the weed, to their own and others' discomfort and injury, but also chew the unclean stuff, defiling themselves even more than by smoking. How often tobacco juice is seen on men's lips, teeth, gums, chins, whiskers, shirt-bosoms, etc. And how often they render themselves very obnoxious to their friends and others. The tobacco chewer's breath is sometimes so offensive as to sicken those who inhale it. And sometimes the offender is a professed minister of the Gospel. Of all men on earth these ought to be free from the filthy habit of using tobacco. How inconsistent for them to preach cleanliness, temperance, holiness, or self-denial, when they themselves do not throw off the galling yoke of filth and carnal habit! Their calling frequently makes it necessary for them, more than for most persons, to converse with the people at their homes, in the church, and elsewhere. And how great is the tendency to repel rather than to win people to Christianity, when the preacher's breath is made foul by the use of tobacco!

A preacher went to see a sick and dying lady. When he knelt by her bedside to pray for her, he smelt so strongly of tobacco that she could not endure him, and cried, 'Take him away! taken him away!' What an awful thing that a professed spiritual guide should be thus prevented from ministering consolation to the dying, just because he was a slave to the unclean god of tobacco!

A Loathsome, Blasting, Leprosy.

Such surely is the use and effects of the tobacco habit. It enervates the physical, mental and spiritual nature. Oh, when will the Church no longer suffer from this foe to some of her highest interests? I believe God is both insulted and grieved because so many of his children are addicted to the use of tobacco. I believe also that he is calling more loudly than ever upon them to abandon this loathsome, injurious, paralyzing practice. Most certainly professed temples of the Holy Ghost ought to free themselves from every unclean thing—all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. If any of my dear readers are tobacco users in any form, let them, by the help of God, seek and find complete and permanent deliverance. Keep thyself pure. 'Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.'

A brewer, yet a member of a Christian church, with mistaken kindness, persuaded a fellow member, a widow, to take charge of a saloon for a living. At the end of a year she returned the key, saying: 'Well, sir, you may be able to be a Christian and have a brewery, but I cannot be a Christian and keep a saloon.'—'National Advocate.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

THE ROYAL LEAGUE.

Dear Boys and Girls,—I am glad that so many of you have joined the Royal League of Kindness. I am sure we are all specially glad to welcome the 208 little Hindu girls who have already proved themselves such true members. The pledge in Hindi was very interesting, too. I hope that all the League members will remember each other in their prayers, asking our Heavenly Father to bless their efforts at making the world brighter by kindness.

One of you has written me a letter which probably expressed the feelings of a good many. 'Leigh' says though he might do kind deeds, he could not promise always to think kind thoughts. It is quite true that 'doing' is often easier than 'being,' but being is the most important, and the kindnesses that spring from loving thoughts are more continuous and far-reaching in their effect than the 'kind deeds' which are done merely as a matter of duty or in the fulfilment of a pledge. However, we would not on any account discourage anyone from joining the Royal League, for the society is laid on broad foundations on purpose to take in everyone who will 'try to be kind,' even if one's efforts are not always successful. This is your society, and we want you all to join.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

Myrtle McMath (aged 12).
Nora Johnson (aged 11).
Edward McIntosh (aged 18).
Leigh Herrett.
Grace H. Manson (aged 13).
Beatrice Edwards.
Hugh Bowman.
Wm. Jas. S.
Gladys Jickling.
Ewart M. Graham (aged 11).
Mabel F. M.
E. G. G. (aged 10).
Esther G.
Althea Campbell.
Rodney Campbell.
Lucy Campbell.
Inez Campbell.
Earl Storie.

WHAT IS GOOD?

'What is the real good?'
I asked in musing mood.
Order, said the Law Court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer;
Spake my heart full sadly,
'The answer is not here.'
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard;
'Each heart holds the secret,
Kindness—is the word.'
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Sutton Junction, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, and do not think I would like living in the city at all. I have no sisters or brothers. I go to school every day, and like my teacher very much. I am in the Fourth Grade; it is the highest grade in our school. Our teacher gives us the 'Messenger' every week or two, and I like it very much, especially the correspondence. I am twelve years old. I think May is the nicest month of the year. I have no pets, only a horse, whose name is Mollie.

MABEL L. H.

Sunderland.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' yet, so I thought I would. We get the 'Messenger' at two Sunday-schools, Baptist and Presbyterian. We have had a hard, cold winter, and lots of snow. I was at Toronto in March for the first time, and the snow was so bad we could not go by the usual route, and went a hundred miles out of our way. Mamma was with me. I have one grandma and grandpa, and I love them very much. I also have two sisters and one brother. For pets we have a kitten called Tibby Tingle and a dog called Bowzer. We have a cow, a horse and some hens, and a lovely fruit garden, and a large lawn to play on. My sister Laura is very fond of books. I have five dolls. The name of our house is Spruce Lawn.

HAZEL G. P.

Placentia Bay, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. My birthday is on April 7. I go to the school, and am in No. 5 Book. I have three brothers and two sisters. My brothers' names are Douglas and Walter and Aleck, and my sisters' names are Gladys and Hilda. I have no pets except a cat. We have three sheep and one calf. I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I have never written to it before. One of my brothers goes to school, but my sisters are too small to go yet. In the harbor in which I live there is a church, two schools and a hall. I am very fond of reading. I have read a great many books, such as 'The Lamplighter,' 'Elsie's Holidays at Roselands,' 'Castle Blair,' and many others. The steamer 'Argyle' brings the mail here once a week. I like to read your letters very much. I read all that is in the 'Messenger.' I hope I will see my letter in print.

EVELYN B.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will now write a letter to your warmly-welcomed paper. I go to Knox Sunday-school, and like my teacher. I go to Grand Avenue School, which is in London South. I live on Redout street, which was once called Queen street, one block from the country south. I have not written to the 'Messenger' before, and so I thought I would like to see one of my own letters in your paper in the correspondence. We have two horses, two cats and a dog. The horses' names are Fanny and Dextor. The cats' name are Tom and Nigenss, and the dog's name is Nibs. He came to us one night when it was raining hard and thundering and lightning. Father opened the door and saw him on the back veranda, and let him in, and he has stayed with us ever since. He is very fond of horses, and he goes everywhere with the horse.

ISABEL D.

Grand Ouse, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to your paper. I have taken the 'Messenger' for quite a long time, and enjoy reading it very much. I live on a farm. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am the eldest of the family. I go to school, and I am in the ninth grade. I like to go to school. My birthday is on April 16. I was thirteen years old last April. In the summer we catch quite a number of trout here in a large brook not very far from our house. I am short of news, so I must close. Wishing the 'Messenger' and all its subscribers happiness.

MURDOCH A. McP. (aged 13).

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Messenger' is the best paper for children I have ever read, and there are such a number of lovely stories. I go to school every day, and I nearly always stand first in our class. I saw my name in your April Birthday Book, and I was very glad. I suppose you have heard of the terrible fire we had here. I would like to join your Royal League of Kindness, and I will try:—

To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

NORA J. (aged 11).

Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—I have heard of the 'Messenger' through my niece, who sent it to me. I think it is a lovely paper, and I like to read the stories and letters that are in the 'Messenger.' My teacher's name is Miss M., but she has been sick, and she is not coming any more this term. Our substitute is very nice. We lived in the country on a farm for quite a while, but it was pretty lonesome there, so we moved to Cleveland, Ohio. It is a very smoky city; we had a lot of hens, but after we moved to the city we killed a number and we brought some of them along. We have no cats or dogs. I had a cat named Tom Shale. It was a lovely cat, too, but when we moved we left it.

P. H.

Durham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, and I was sending my name to the Birthday Book, so I thought I would write. We have taken the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember. We also take the 'Witness.' I live about two miles from Durham. It is quite a big town. There is a cream separator factory, a cement factory and a furniture factory. The cement factory was only built two years ago. It gets the cement marl from a lake about five miles from the factory. There have been several picnics from here lately, but I was only at one. We went by the train to the lake, where they get the marl. I had a good time. We went out in the boats while there.

A. M. McG.

Seaforth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since January last, and enjoy reading it very much. I am a girl of ten. I have two sisters and two brothers. There is one sister and one brother older than me. I go to the school every day that I can. My mother died last July. My sister, who is fourteen years, keeps house, and I have to help her all that I can. So I have not much time for play. I belong to the Methodist Sunday-school, and it is just across the road from where I live. I have just a mile to go to school.

EDITH V. T.

Amherstburg.

Dear Editor,—My home is on the Detroit river, about a mile from the point where it enters Lake Erie, and it is very pleasant to watch the boats in summer and skating on the ice in winter. This county is not particularly noted for its scenery, as it is very flat, but a number of people along the shores of the river and lake take people from Windsor and Detroit to board for the summer. These people come here on account of the bathing, and the cool air which blows over the water. The town of Amherstburg, near which I live, is one of the oldest in the Province of Ontario. It is an historical old place, as Fort Malden was near it. There is a stone in a gentleman's yard upon which the famous Indian Chief Tecumseh stood to harangue his men before a battle which was fought at Fort Malden during the campaign of 1812. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness, and hope you will accept my name as one of the members.

GRACE H. M. (aged 13).

Rockville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There is a creek near our school, where we go fishing in the spring, and we enjoy it very much. There is only an average of nine going to school here, as it is not a very large settlement, and it is too far for some to come.

ETHEL L. W.

Lachute, Que.

Dear Editor,—I think May is about the nicest month of the year. I have three brothers and two sisters, their names are Janet, Maggie, Carewell, John and David. I have an uncle, aunt and three cousins in China, and an uncle and aunt in Spokane, Washington. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, which is on Nov. 23. We are going to have a new schoolhouse this summer, and I think it will be quite a change from the old one which was built about eighty years ago. I am in the third book. I have read quite a few books. Among the books I have read are: 'Little Threads,' 'Nelly's Dark Days,' 'A Braid of Cords,' and 'The Birds' Christmas Carol.' I like to go to both the day-school and the Sunday-school.

M. ALICE McC. (aged 11).

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received your premium Bagster Bible, and am very much pleased with it. We wish you all success, and hope the 'Messenger' may go far and wide. It is a very nice paper.

JEANIE N.

Wolfville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. Every week I watched eagerly for it while the story of 'Dalph' was going on. I liked very much that article called 'Manners of Girls.' I will be ten years old next September.

MARJORIE T. (aged 9).

HOUSEHOLD.

A Talk About Shirt Waists.

'It is so discouraging to have one's dainty shirt-waists come from the laundry faded,' remarked one friend to another.

'I have learned to "do up" my own,' her hearer replied. 'Since I care for them myself,' she continued, 'I have no trouble in this respect, providing I buy warranted colors. In the first place, I provide sufficient change, and thereby do not wear them till they are oversoiled. I prepare a warm suds, not hot, of some pure soap which I have tested. The more soiled parts, as the cuffs and collar-band, I rub with soap. Then I rinse thoroughly in four or five waters. Soft water is best always.

'I set the color in salt water; or a more sure way is to purchase five cents' worth of sugar of lead. Put this in one pint of rain-water. To one pail of water add two and one-half tablespoonfuls of this solution. Another important fact, worthy of note, is that a bright day, when there is considerable air stirring, is much better than a quiet, hot day. Remove from the line as soon as dry. Hot sun will not only fade, but burn them. Now they are ready for starching. Never dip them into hot starch, wait till the starch is comfortably warm to the hands. Hot starch fades, however good your fabrics. The starch should be quite thin. A too stiff waist is very uncomfortable for wearer and ugly to look at. Dry again and before ironing, dip the collar-band and suffs into cold starch.

'Oh, I know it takes time,' she added, 'but I have the satisfaction of retaining the original color beauty of my waist, as well as the credit of always looking well.'—M. Frances Rankin, in 'Observer.'

A Wise Hint to Housekeepers

Said Jolly Jack Rabbit aloud to his spouse,
As they scurried around in the spring, cleaning house:
'My dear, it's to me most remarkably queer
How the human folk manage to live year by year.
Now, what do you s'pose that they do in the spring?
It really is quite an absurdly queer thing.
They take off their furs and they store them away;
They're "afraid of the moths!" that is just what they say.
Then fold them up with such queer smelling stuff,
And they don't seem to know when they've put in enough.
Afraid of a moth! Think of that, my dear wife—
To fear such a thing in your furs all your life!
If they only took cross-country runs every day
They needn't fear moths in their furs, I should say.
I tell you, my dear, we are fortunate rabbits
To have common sense to repel such bad habits.'

Bacon and poached eggs, if correctly cooked and served, make a breakfast dish which will tempt even the most capricious appetite. Care should be taken in selecting the bacon. Choose bacon of medium size, with the fat and lean quite distinct in coloring. The lean should be pink and the fat white. If the lean looks streaked the bacon will probably be hard or tough. The toast beneath the eggs should be extremely thin and well browned and the eggs poached according to the individual fancy. They should be served on a small platter, with the thin slices of bacon resting on a bed of water cress.

Not every one cares for the salad dressing in which mayonnaise is the chief factor. Many a palate prefers the old-fashioned boiled dressing. An old receipt that has stood the test of years is as follows: Put one cupful of milk into a double boiler and bring it to a boil. Moisten two even tablespoonfuls of corn-starch with a little cold milk and stir into the hot milk. When it has thickened, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and cook for a minute. Remove from the fire and add a tablespoonful of butter melted, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and salt and pepper. If this stands on the ice or in a very cold place it will keep for a week. If whipped cream is used, it should be added to the dressing just before the salad is wanted.

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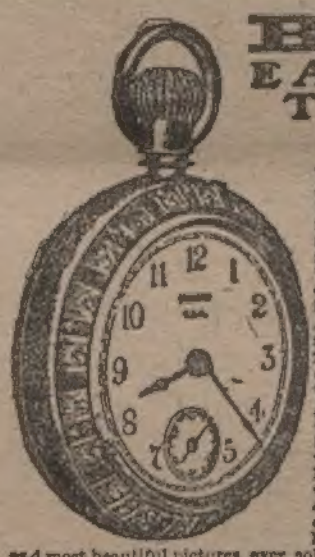

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